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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LII. CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 3, 1903. NUMBER 1

GRACE.

How much, preventing God, how much I owe
To the defences Thou hast round me set;
Example, custom, fear, occasion show—
These scorned bondmen were my parapet.

I dare not peep over this parapet
To gauge with glance the roaring gulf below,
The depths of sin to which I had descended,
Had not these me against myself defended.

—*Emerson.*

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

Emerson's Divinity School Address

With an Introduction, an Outline by

WILLIAM C. GANNETT,

And Commemoration Poem by

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

Gilt Top, Cloth, 88 pp. *Price 30 Cents.*

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UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY,
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UNITY

VOLUME LII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1903. NUMBER 1

A writer in the *Congregationalist,* under the caption of "The Revival of Emerson," gives an interesting account of the Emerson love feast, held in Concord and Boston. Of Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson's address on the religion of his father it says, "It was rich in biographical detail, yet somewhat disappointing to those who hoped for clear indications of Emerson's acceptance of the Christian revelation." The most disappointing matter here is to think that any who gathered at Concord knew so little of Emerson and his place in the history of religious thought as to be capable of such a disappointment.

The magazines just now are busy discussing "the artistic aspect of the sky-scraper." For a hundred years or more there have been but two important contributions to architecture, and these are the elevator and steel construction. Both of these make the sky-scraper an economic proposition, and it has come to stay. The fitting architecture must be developed. One thing is sure—that the complexity of lines, the small details, the decorative trimmings that belong to the cottage or even to the cathedral must be obliterated by the stately simplicity that alone will interpret great masses. The Pyramid rather than the Corinthian column suggests the lines along which the stately high buildings of the future are to win the eye as well as satisfy the hand of modern civilization.

The magnificent gift of the successful St. Louis journalist, Joseph Pulitzer, to the establishment of a school of journalism in connection with Columbia University is a marked and hopeful sign of the times. It indicates the slow but sure elevation of journalism into one of the learned professions. When this school produces graduates worthy of trust, other capitalists will see that they have an opportunity to exercise their powers without being continually menaced from the counting room, by providing means for the publication of what is worthy, however unpopular, and suppressing the unworthy, however popular. An endowed school of journalism implies endowed journals. Under the present sharp speculative and competitive systems, the paper that has to pay its way is necessarily hardly worth paying for.

The *Congregationalist,* in its issue of August first, very frankly faces the theological school perplexity. It says that in at least two of the Congregational seminaries the number of students last year was but a little larger than the number of professors and instructors. The current expenses of Andover are over thirty thousand dollars per year, besides its permanent investment, the lands and buildings, and yet for the last two years it has graduated but three students per year. In the Harvard Divinity School forty students were enrolled last year. The remedy as presented by this journal seems to be the associating of theological schools with universities, so that students may have more extensive knowledge of men, come into closer touch with present day life, and gain a better understanding of social problems. Whatever the remedy may be, we have gone far towards it by recognizing the grim facts.

The next "Educational Conference" of general interest is to be held under the auspices of the Northwestern University in Chicago, October 30-31. The Educational Conference is the newest social instrument for the education of the public. This Conference will discuss the status of the high school, whether it should be a preparatory school for the university, or a school shaped primarily for the preparation of young men and women for life. President James, of the above university, has been a close student of the high school and has important thoughts on the subject. Our readers may well look with interest to the result of this Conference, and they will join with us in saying, Let these Educational Conferences be multiplied. It is now the opportunity and soon will become the duty of every well ordered university, college and private school to do its part in organizing and maintaining these occasions of fraternal exchange on the part of the experts in the field of moral and religious training and progress.

The *New World* is an enterprising organ of the Roman Catholic church, published in Chicago, and we prize it among our exchanges. It is a vigorous, aggressive, frank, and, in the main, progressive exponent of public interest as it sees it, but we are sorry to note in a recent number the editorial approval of certain inflammatory resolutions passed by the American Federation of Catholic Societies at its recent meeting in Atlantic City. Here is a sad confusion of terms and ignoring of reasonable distinction and ethical perspective by a wholesale use of the *odium theologicum.* In one breath this editorial condemns "Liberalism, Socialism, and Anarchism, because they are subversive of human society." Liberalism it describes as that which proclaims the absolute autonomy of the individual without due regard for the laws of God and the church. Socialism it finds opposed to natural justice. It calls upon Catholics to take a firm stand against "social democracy, which preaches the doctrine of materialism and atheism, repudiating the divinely constituted authority of the church and state, threatening to under-

mine family life by advocating free love and secularization of all education." We cannot well understand how greater confusion of thought could be enunciated in so few words. This is the method of the Catholic church of the sixteenth century. It will not do for the twentieth century.

The following rules on church-going by Bishop Vincent offer suggestions that may well be considered by those not of the Methodist fold. Church-going should be a high exercise of the spirit or it should be abandoned. If it is not worth while to go to church on high lines, it is not worth while to go at all. We commend these rules to the consideration, and, after such consideration, to the elevation of our readers:

Go early to church. Not only be punctual, but be in your place before the hour for the service is announced to begin. Then you will not disturb other worshipers.

Go in a reverent spirit. On the way remember whither you go. Avoid lightness of manner and conversation on worthy topics.

Before you enter, and as you enter the church, breathe a silent prayer of invocation for the influence of the Holy Spirit.

As you take your place, bow your head reverently in prayer for yourself and for all others who enter the sanctuary for the service about to begin.

Resolve that you will foster no thought, fix your eyes on no object, utter no word that will tend to divert your mind from the holy purpose for which you have come into this place.

As the minister enters the pulpit, offer an earnest, silent prayer in his behalf.

In all the service take an active part; as hearer, as worshiper.

At the close of the service, after a moment of prayerful silence, greet with cheerfulness and good-will all whom you happen to meet, remembering that Christian fellowship is a part of Christian worship.

Certain ministerial friends to the eastward seem to be agitated over "hatless women" in the church. A rector of a New Jersey Episcopal church has had to post a notice outside of the edifice warning them that they will not be allowed to enter without hats. A Catholic priest at Atlantic City has rebuked women who are guilty of a similar "irreverence." An Episcopal bishop in New Jersey has taken a "determined stand," because such a freedom is contrary to the injunction of Paul. We know of at least one minister in the West who has been trying for years in a quiet way to induce women to remove their hats during church service, not only for the obvious advantages which induced the Chicago aldermen some years ago to require by city ordinance the removal of ladies' hats at the theater, opera and similar places of amusement, but also for the very impressive reason that there is no millinery that can equal the beauty of a woman's brow or the glory of a woman's hair. And perhaps if women did not have to wear their hats so persistently indoors they would be relieved of some of the exactions of fashion, the anxieties as to proper form and poise. There is no department in the wardrobe of men and women that is so lawless, antique, inartistic, and recklessly (we are tempted to say wickedly) extravagant as millinery. We would like to make it fashionable for women to sit in church without hats, nothwithstanding Paul's anxieties. It is a compliment to the speaker and the service when a woman is moved to remove her hat, that she may sit in unconscious simplicity, without intefering with her neighbors' right to see and without distracting the eyes of her fellow worshipers from the high themes and emotions that ought to dominate the church hour.

Ralph Wilder, the promising young artist who has recently taken the place of McCutcheon as cartoonist of the *Chicago Record Herald*, shows commendable fertility. Following the lead of his famous predecessor, he realizes that the cartoon can be used to enforce other than political lessons and is too potent a factor in daily journalism to be confined to political agitations and scandals. A recent cartoon effectively justifies the citizens' alliance crusade against the blood and thunder literature. It shows in the foreground two clever, up-to-date "kids" discussing "the dangers of the dauntless Nick Carter," who is being hotly pursued by the police. The significant point of this cartoon is that these young desperadoes are not the children of the slums, in ragged shoes and slovenly trousers. On the contrary, they are clothed in trim knee-pants, shirt waists and up-to-date ties, showing that they belong to favored homes. In this respect the artist is true to life. Little boys from elegant homes, children of refined parents, are allowed to run the streets, haunt picnic grounds, and disturb Sunday grove meetings, without the interfering hand of father and mother. The right of a child to a happy childhood and, as far as possible, to a free childhood, is one of the noble achievements of the highest civilization, but the right of a child to interfere with the serenity and seriousness and comfort of its elders, and, above all, his right to harden his own little heart against the proprieties, the refinements and the solemnities which engage the interest of his elders and which are impressive and probably none the less profitable to him, is a perversion of the above achievement, a serious mistake if nothing worse, on the part of those who ought early to teach the child that it is to occupy a little niche in the big world, a respectful and respectable nook in corporate society. Parents should either be responsible for the deportment of their children at public assemblies or leave them at home. The modern child, who does not receive the blessed impressions which his elders received when they went with father and mother to the church, to sit with them, though the service be long, and to receive the high ministrations of influence, which were impressive, though the service be long, and to receive the high hension, misses much of the most precious nurture of childhood. Let parents and teachers and guardians beware how they unwittingly rear elegant little desperadoes, smart little outlaws.

The Tower Hill Summer School.

It is not for us to repeat in the editorial column the particulars of this school which have been from time to time suggested in our news columns, but perhaps the conductor of the school may avail himself of his editorial opportunity and indulge in a few generalizations.

The fourteenth season of the Tower Hill Summer

School has come to an end. The first comment to be made is that the program practically forecast a year in advance was carried out with scarcely a variation. The Science Class from nine to ten literally carried out their intentions; three weeks in geological studies under the direction of T. R. Lloyd Jones, Principal of the Menominie High School, and two weeks in local botany, particularly that of ferns and the blossoming plants, under the direction of Miss Rosalia A. Hatherell, teacher of science in the Hillside Home School. In the literary department Jenkin Lloyd Jones revealed as best he could, during the first week, the potency and charm of Browning's "Ring and the Book." The second week he did the same for "Ferishtah's Fancies" and "Asolando." Miss Anne B. Mitchell succeeded to a striking degree in interesting the class in the far-off Persian poetry that so delighted Emerson, and to which William Alger, Edwin Arnold and others have given such tempting translations and interpretations. During the last two weeks John Ruskin's "Unto This Last" held the unflagging interest of the class.

In the study of religion, the last year of the seven-years' course, which from the first constitutes the backbone of the Summer School—indeed for this cause did it come into the world—was carried through in half-hour periods for twenty-five days, with the help of maps, chart of the centuries, memory texts, etc. The studies were essentially biographical but carefully related, reaching from Erasmus to Emerson. This day work was augmented in the evening lecture course by lectures on "Erasmus" and "Voltaire" by Rev. H. M. Simmons, of Minneapolis, and on "Copernicus" and "Galileo" by Rev. N. M. Mann, of Omaha, with three stereopticon reviews having special reference to the work of Dürer, Holbein, and the portrait gallery that followed, given by the conductor. The evening work included in all eleven lectures, three or four readings, and two moonlight drives with picnic accompaniments. In addition to the above topics there were two lectures on "Emerson" by Mr. Jones, one on the Mormons by Mr. Simmons, and a pinery story by Mr. R. L. Joiner.

The constituency of such a course is naturally largely confined its ministers, teachers and the cottage residents who are such because they like such things. Some ten of the former came into touch with the school, and most of the other attendants were teachers, past, present or prospective.

The most characteristic feature of this school is that it *is* a school; that it has done continuous work on high lines; that it has succeeded in creating intense interest and at the same time preserving the tranquility of a rest place, the exceptional quiet of a little community in the woods with much communion and little boisterousness. The colony went early to bed and arose quietly, not very early. The afternoons were always kept sacred to individual needs and whims. The three Sunday services arranged for grew into five on account of the tempting opportunities. The two double meetings probably reached the high water mark of popular interest and attendance in that countryside. More successfully than ever before were doctrinal lines ignored. At the Annual Grove Meeting, the twenty-second in number, reaching perhaps through a quarter of a century of time, Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Primitive Methodist and Unitarian were represented in the speakers, but they were not distinguishable in the message or in the openness and cordiality of the listening.

Perhaps the next most unique thing is that this school, so severe in its limitations and so peculiar in its attractions, taught here a class of some thirty to thirty-five regular attendants, and that those who came considered the privileges well worth while and the cost in time and money well invested.

A word in regard to money costs might well be said now, that it may be in time for next year. The cost of the five weeks' sojourn at Tower Hill, including railroad fare from Chicago, fees, room-rent, board and bus hire, is about fifty dollars. Double occupancy of a room, tent accommodations, or, still better, the happy possession of a cottage, can reduce this figure. This is less than the cost of railroad fare to the seashore, and probably less than the inevitable expense, even on a plain basis, at any of the popular resorts of the West.

A third characteristic thing about the Tower Hill Summer School is that it has developed a quiet but sure confidence in itself. Its program for next year was practically arranged on the day of its adjournment. The science teachers will make a major study of fungi, a minor one of insects. In literature there kin's sociology by Mr. Jones, and a week with the Greek dramatists with Miss Mitchell. The study in will be concerned with "Beginnings; the Cradle Life of religion will be concerned with "Beginnings; the Cradle Life of the Soul," the first of the seven years' course, and the evening lectures will be such as will enrich and illumine these lines.

Tower Hill knows its needs and is quietly going in quest of their fulfillment. It needs a reference library, particularly such science manuals and hand books as are necessary to interpret the things at hand, and it needs a little library building and reading room in which to keep its books, specimens and cabinets. It needs a microscope and it needs a bell, and, as was clearly proved by the Sunday meetings, it needs an enlargement of the Emerson Pavilion that will add seating capacity for two or three hundred more; and, most of all, it needs the small endowment that will put it on permanent footing and enable it to reduce or obliterate its fees altogether, making it more and more accessible to the class of people who most need it.

But notwithstanding these trivial needs, Tower Hill is rich in its situation, so far from the "madding crowd;" it is rich in its traditions of earnest and free work, rich in its blessed memories, the ever-increasing line of permanent residents who have gone beyond and yet stay with us, and it is rich in a great field, comparatively unoccupied; rich in the inspirations of pioneer work; rich in the love of those who once having entered its fellowship are always its members, wherever they may be or however far away they may roam. It is rich in its permanent residents, the loyal cottagers waiting to welcome the new settlers who come one by one as the years go by.

The conductor here wishes to return his thanks to all those who have given him their sympathy and support, their never-flagging interest and hearty appreciation.

The Tower Hill Summer School of 1903 is past; the school of 1904 is already forming.

The king is dead! Long live the king!!

THE PULPIT.

What Are We To Do?

Address at Annual Dinner of the American Peace Society, May 18, 1903. Reported for the Advocate of Peace for August, 1903.

Eighteen months ago, the powers that be told the American people that we must have a larger navy, one more adequate for defensive purposes. Twelve months ago the powers that be told us that we must have a distinctly large navy, one commensurate with our dignity as a world power. Six months ago the same powers, having borrowed Old World methods of arousing ambition for military glory by establishing the new Navy League, told us that we must have a navy equal to the Kaiser's. Two months ago Admiral Dewey said our navy was already as efficient as the Kaiser's, and now Lieutenant Hobson assures the Young Men's Christian Association of America that "to keep the peace" we must have the biggest navy upon earth! Like a prairie fire sweeping over dry grass, this craze for a huge navy has swept over our country, and we workers for peace by peaceful methods are confronting it to-day, cast down but not destroyed, and ask, What are we to do?

The sincere appeals but specious arguments of our strenuous President have inflamed the nations' heart and have addled the brains of that large majority which delegates to any public servant who is "a good fellow" that solemn duty of every voter to weigh momentous issues of life and death and not lazily surrender his sovereign prerogative of judgment. Despite the President's word to Harvard students a year ago about "enjoying" fighting, and regretting that in the Cuban war there was not "enough to go around," few Americans admit a liking for war. The plea for the huge navy, in which each single battleship costs more than the valuation of all the land and all the ninety buildings of Harvard University, would, after all, make small impression on the public mind were it not shrewdly masked by the word, *Peace.*

Says Ruskin, "It is a state of mind much to be dreaded for a man not to know the devil when he sees him." The devil has never done a cleverer stroke of work than to nail the white flag of peace and the symbol of the cross to the masts of the costly, steel-clad destroyers which each nation is taxing itself to build to terrorize its neighbors. When shall we learn that the psychology of nations is like that of individuals, and that, as the community which goes with "peacemakers" bulging from each hip pocket, like Sicilians or Kentuckians, arouses jealousy and suspicion and invites conflicts, so do nations who carry "a big stick"?

What are sane men to do who know the lessons of history and psychology, and who groan in spirit as they see the nation's danger from its new and needless suspicions and ambitions? Their eloquence and argument must be poured out like water to drown this fire and fury, but they must recognize that though they had the power of Demosthenes it will be insufficient. We are assured that "the nation's heart is sound" and that "there is no danger of militarism"; yet nothing is so popular as the idea of a great navy. An expert librarian has just told us that half of the people who can read in this country do not read. Nine-tenths of the other half do not do their own thinking, and "Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart." These average voters, would they take their duties seriously, would be more competent to judge the nation's needs and danger than the military expert. Expert military knowledge is not needed for this. One does not need to have a cardinal's knowledge of Romanism before he decides between that and Protestantism. Men do not know how to make a coat as well as their tailor does or how to build a house as well as their architect, but they do not ask the opinion of tailor or architect as to whether they need a coat or a house. The man who wants a job is usually the last one who can judge impartially as to whether it is worth doing. In the settlement of the question as to what best promotes peace, it is not technical knowledge but general knowledge of history and human nature, a sense of justice and a sound philosophy of life and government, that counts. The young cadets whom General Wilson recently assured that they would gain more glory and promotion in the navy than in the army want glory and promotion. It would not be human nature to do otherwise. They can get little of either in time of peace. They and the builders of naval vessels, who are filling the air with their frantic appeals for guns "to keep the peace," may be sincere enough, but they are leading by the nose men who call themselves practical but are deluded by theories unproved by fact, logic or figures—namely, that huge armaments increase the prospects of peace.* But as arguments alone will fail to quench the fire of our false ambition, we must lose no time in building a back fire. I wish to speak of this back fire, or those definite measures that we must undertake to-day if we are to circumvent the ambitious or fallacious, who hoodwink press, pulpit and people, in the name of peace.

Four years ago was opened the most momentous conference the world ever saw between sovereign states, unless it were that which, in the summer of 1787, sat behind locked doors in Philadelphia, when Washington, Franklin, Madison and the rest decided whether or not we should become a nation. Four years hence it may be possible for us to rejoice in another victory of peace—the complement of the Hague Tribunal. I refer to the Stated International Congress, alluded to already. It was not the Czar who first proposed a permanent tribunal. Channing proposed it, and the Peace Society petitioned Congress to that end, in 1816; and it was in Massachusetts that was first suggested this Stated International Congress. In 1837 a petition was sent from our Legislature to Congress proposing this. Mr. Raymond L. Bridgman, quite unaware of the action of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1837, two years ago made a noble appeal to the General Court to take the initial step towards this end. Well do I remember the thrill with which I read his words in the newspaper, printed, as the best things usually are, in smaller type than that used for the most inane and useless matter. I said that day to a small audience: "You little think what this appeal signifies. It will be laughed at now as chimerical, but some day this man's dream will come to pass." I scarcely thought the General Court would receive it so respectfully. It did not give leave to

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*Laveleye argues that had Napoleon III. in 1866 partially disarmed, he would have prevented Bismarck's great increase of the German army to cope with it, and would probably have averted the national disasters in 1870.

withdraw, but turned it over to the next Court. The Peace Society drafted a rather milder measure as a substitute, and, as you know, it went unanimously through the Committee, House and Senate, and now goes to Washington. There was not the slightest argument against it. In the first place, the Stated Congress would cost nothing, and never could cost us more than the salaries of a few delegates one year out of five or seven. Secondly, it would not commit any nation by compulsion, everything passed by this congress being referred to the nations for ratification. If Congress grants the petition of our Legislature, we may believe that history will record that the most glorious event of the administration of President Roosevelt was the initiative in the establishment of this complement of the Hague Tribunal—these two together leading the way to the World Legislature, and ultimately the Federation of the World.

Picture the reality. When presented here merely in bald outlines we can hardly conceive what it shall mean, when, at Brussels or Geneva or elsewhere, distinguished jurists from every quarter of the globe shall meet together month after month, break bread together, and, as in 1899 at The Hague, overcome misapprehension and national distrust, and little by little remove those obstacles which, blocking free and friendly intercourse, too often lead to the cataclysm of war, and the bankruptcy and perhaps suicide of nations. Those of us who have thought of France and England as natural enemies have thanked God and taken courage as we have just read of Baron d'Estournelles de Constant and his noble work, with his two hundred parliamentary confreres, in an arbitration group, laying the lines for the establishment of an arbitration treaty with their old enemy, England.

Those who distrust the use of humble means to effect great ends should recall the critical period of The Hague Conference, when Germany hesitated, and when Secretary Holls of our commission went with the first German delegate to Berlin. He brought such influence to bear through letters and telegrams from endless organizations all over America that it did much to bring about a change of view; Germany yielded her objections and the work went on at The Hague to its glorious consummation. The point to emphasize is the cumulative effect of public opinion publicly expressed. When Senators have a thousand appeals coming from trades unions, churches, bar associations, and different organizations, they will not long refuse to sign such treaties as the times demand, which will accomplish infinitely more than huge navies to keep the peace.

Meantime there must be a work done within Congress. We, as well as France, should have two hundred men in an arbitration group in our own Congress. They should be pledged to carry on the work of establishing treaties with all nations that are willing to sign them with us, binding us to refer certain classes of quarrels to the Hague Tribunal, and year by year to enlarge the scope of questions to be thus referred.

We should be active in another manner,—Dr. Trueblood brought that out forcibly at Mohonk a year ago, —the appointment of a High Commission to settle disputed boundaries all over the world. This is most practical, for these matters left unsettled cause friction, and, like the little lamp kicked over by a cow, that laid Chicago in ashes, may lead to conflagration among the nations.

Another line of effort should be strenuously urged. In a letter from a United States Minister to China, he emphasized the importance of enlarging our diplomacy, and referred to Minister Woodford's work. If there had been no yielding here to the mob spirit that demanded war, it might have been possible for diplomacy and a philanthropy costing us but a hundredth part as much as was spent, to achieve for Cuba all that has been helpful which we have achieved. Would that we might have a School of Diplomacy at Washington, with such a man as Andrew D. White at its head, which should teach our future diplomats and consuls not only law, but the religion, the psychology and customs of alien peoples, with whom we are more and more to have to do, that we might put ourselves in their place and understand them, and not attempt in blundering Anglo-Saxon fashion to drive children into the kingdom of heaven with a club!

Another work of utmost importance is with the great continent to the south of us. If, without waiting for the ultimate federation of the South American States, their governments could be led to form a defensive alliance, then could be given the *coup de grace* to that outworn Monroe doctrine, and now, as often interpreted, dangerous doctrine, which to-day is our chief excuse for vast increase of armaments. One tithe of the money spent on our great navy might, through education and diplomacy, accomplish this.

It is asked, What can money do for peace? Must we not wait and pray until the hearts of men are changed? But I notice that when men on Wall street saw the black cloud with the *silver* lining approach with peril to their golden fields, they did not wait for men's hearts to change, but put their hands into their pockets and sent broadcast tons of arguments and statistics. They subsidized the newspapers and sent their ablest lecturers throughout the country, to teach the people what to think about bimetallism. When churches wish to evangelize the world they fill the contribution box and send missionaries to the remotest and humblest peoples. Political parties, if they expect to win, ask for campaign funds. Every great cause requires a campaign of education. Why are there millions of dollars for temperance, and for every cause on earth except the one that is most fundamental and far-reaching in results? Had I the price of one great battleship—seven million dollars—I would engage seventy-five of the ablest men in the United States and allot to each a section of the population in which to organize a campaign of education for international justice. Newspapers should be paid to give space to scientific and economic arguments on the futility of war to-day; current fallacies should be punctured in letters as they daily appear in editorials; lecturers should be provided for clubs and out-of-door addresses; teachers and clergy should be supplied with an arsenal of facts, lectureships and prizes for essays and debates should be established in colleges; music, color and pageantry in honor of civic heroes should vie with military parades in educating the emotions of the unthinking populace. With less than two-sevenths of the price of this one battleship, I would establish in Washington, London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Rio Janerio, Cairo and Hong Kong, peace bureaus to be a source of light on international questions, to promote friendly relations and to send out the truth which we so rarely get in the prejudiced reports of correspondents who are paid to promote national glory rather than justice. Give each one of these eight centers twenty thousand dollars a year for ten years to come, and the cause of peace would be infinitely more advanced by this expenditure of the price of one battleship than by the outlay of all the two thousand million dollars* which the Christian world annually

*This sum is one billion for armaments and one billion as a low estimate of the wages lost by the millions of nonproducers in armies and navies.

spends to-day simply to keep the peace, simply that it may say, "Upon the last day of the year we stand exactly where we stood on the first day of the year —we have not yet gained an inch."

Most of us have not millions, eloquence or wisdom. But certainly every one can get and pass on some other's wisdom, when Mr. Ginn is providing it for us at fifty cents a volume. If these young ladies here have each only fifty cents to spend, they may persuade some young voter to read Bloch or Channing or Sumner. Girls are sometimes more effective missionaries than graybeards or directors of the Peace Society. When you ladies sit on the hotel piazza this summer over your embroidery you might, with genial, tactful words, accomplish more than many an orator. It is the personal word that counts. Learn the facts and have your arguments as thoroughly mastered as your neighbor has her rules of whist. Some old lady peering over the charitable appeals in her *Transcript,* thinking to what object she shall leave her money, may, all unknown to you, heed your word, and may be persuaded that ensuring peace is after all more fundamental gain than patching up the weaklings of society. And it may be, a few years hence, Mr. Trueblood may find that the Peace Society has had left to it ten, twenty or a hundred thousand dollars, because you thought and cared and uttered the thought with which your heart was full.

"The Americans," said Emerson, "have many virtues, but they have not faith and hope." But without faith in man as well as faith in God we can accomplish nothing.

A thousand people once stood outside a beautiful garden barred from them by a great iron gate. They could look through the grating and see a peaceful, beautiful landscape with trees, fountains, fruits and flower beds gay with blossoms; and they were footsore and weary, thirsty and miserable in the dust outside. A stranger said to one of them, "Do you not want to enter this garden and get food and rest?"

"Ah, yes, of course," was the reply, "but you do not understand; none of us can enter in until we all agree to go together, and these people are such fools they do not want to go."

He asked a second, and he replied, "I would give anything to go in, but my neighbors are all so short-sighted you can not persuade any of them that it is lovely there."

He asked a third. "I know that it is beautiful," was the answer, "but you see these people are so stupid that they want to stay here as they have always done; they know no other way; you can't change human nature."

So he went from one to another of all the thousand. Each told the same story. He saw the truth, but imagined no one else could see! And because no man had faith that his fellows could be as reasonable as himself, the multitude are still standing, barred outside the gate of Paradise!

—*Lucia Ames Mead.*

Nocturne.

When softly falls the twilight dim,
  And stars peep out from dark above,
The heart takes up Creation's hymn—
  Of pure repose and trusting love!

And sweetly steals into our life,
  The peacefulness we cannot name;
While far away melt sounds of strife,
  And in the dark, Hope's candles flame!

—William Brunton.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Third Series.—Citizenship and the Duties of a Citizen.

By W. L. Sheldon.
Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

CHAPTER V.

OUR COUNTRY WHICH GUARDS US AT HOME IN TIME OF PEACE.

Dialogue.

When I asked you what our country does for us, the first answer you naturally gave was that it protects us from the attacks of other countries.

Suppose, however, there were no danger from the attack of other countries, no chance of war; what if it were not necessary that our country should have armies of any kind? Could we then get along, do you think , without government, without being citizens of a country? Would there be anything else that our country would have to do for us?

"Yes," you insist, "we should still need to have a country, we should still require laws and officers." But why? There would be no danger of attack from the outside, no fear of armies invading our country. Should we not then have perfect peace everywhere; would our property not be safe; our homes be safe; should we not be able to go about without any kind of fear?

"No, we should still need some kind of government?" But why? I keep asking. What reason can you give? Where would the necessity for it be? "As to that," you say, "there would be the danger from robbers or burglars."

But if we could be free from robbers or burglars stopping men on the streets, or stealing from people's homes, should we still be perfectly safe; would it then be necessary to have a government to protect us? "Yes," you assert, "we must have laws; people will sometimes cheat one another; they will agree to do a thing and then not live up to their agreement."

Then what does this really mean *on the inside?* Is there a kind of war going on even in time of peace, do you think? "Perhaps so," you admit. I fear you are right. It is a very sad fact, but people must have a government in order to be protected from one another.

What is it, for example, that we require in order to be protected on our streets, or to keep out burglars from our homes? Who are employed to do this? "The police," you suggest. "But they do not always do it," you insist. True, yet that is what we have them for.

Then you see that our country or the government of our country, in some form has to provide a police, in order to protect us on the streets or in our homes.

"Yes," you add, "but this has nothing to do with the national government." I see your point, but must beg of you not to be too emphatic in your assertions.

How do you know that the state as a whole has nothing to do with the police force? Who or what regulates the actions of this body of officers? "Why, the city or the locality where these men render their services," you tell me.

But if it should happen that the city government did have control over the police force, who gives that government this right or power? "The people of the city?"

Take care, now. The policemen are officers of what? "Of the town or city?" Are you sure of that? Could a city government, for example, make any possible kind of rules or regulations for its police force? Would there be any restrictions whatever?

"Yes," you admit, "perhaps the legislature of the state could interfere." Is that true? If so, it puts another aspect to the whole subject. From what source does the city really get its authority over its police, if it has such an authority? "From the state?"

If so, then would the policemen be simply the officers of the city government? "No," you confess, "they would really be officers of the state."

Are all officers of the city, then, really officers of the state as a whole? "It looks that way?" And why? I ask. "Because," you tell me, "the city gets its authority for its actions only by permission of the state where the city is located."

Yes, that is true. And in countries where they do not have separate states within the nation, as in England, for example, a policeman would be an officer of the nation, perhaps directly under the control of the national parliament.

And why is it otherwise in our country, do you suppose? "Perhaps," you point out, "because the Constitution gives certain exclusive privileges to the national government and other exclusive privileges to the local government."

But could the national government take those privileges away from the states or cities? "Yes, if the Constitution were modified by consent of two-thirds of the states." There is a sense then, is there not, in speaking of every public officer in every town, city, country or state, as being also an officer of the nation?

Besides the police system, what great institution do we have, which is to decide whether one man has injured another man, or cheated him in any way? "The courts?"

Do you know anything about these courts? Who is it that decides the cases or determines which man is in the wrong or which one is to be punished? Is it the judge who does this? "No," you exclaim, "it is the jury."

But who makes up the jury? "It is made up of citizens, of those who vote, of the people themselves." And have you any idea how many men there are on a jury? Does a jury consist only of men? Do women sit on a jury? "No, not as a rule."

How many men are there usually, if the jury consists only of men? "Twelve?"

And where do these trials take place; where do the parties meet? "In the court houses?" Yes, that is true. All counties or cities need to have a large court house where the juries can meet and the trials can take place.

Note to the teacher: A little time could be devoted to a talk about jury customs, about courts, judges and any points of that kind. The main purpose is not to have instruction given to the young concerning the courts. But it is of value to go into these details in order to fix in the memory of the young people more positively how it is that we owe protection in time of peace to the government of our country. Talking over details of this kind expands the point and makes it more impressive for the young. The pupils might be asked whether they knew where the courthouse in their respective places of abode is located, what it looks like and whether any of their fathers have been on juries. A lesson on "Crime and Punishment" will come later.

But besides these courts and the juries, along with the police and the protection they are supposed to give us, what does the government do with the criminals, those who have been guilty of injury to others? "Punishes them," you answer? Yes; but in what way does it punish them?

"Why," you point out, "it puts them in prison, either in jail or in the state penitentiary."

And so you see, our country, through its government, protects us by the punishment of criminals. Each state must have its penitentiary; each city must have its jail.

We have been speaking in a vague sort of way about the courts and the police, the judges, the penitentiaries and the jails. Who does all this; where is the seat of authority for it? "Why, it rests with the government or the country as a whole, as we have already said."

Yes, I understand you, that is what we say *in a general way.* But where does this government come from; who does the governing? "The officers?"

Do these officers hold the real authority; can they do exactly what they please, can they govern in any way they like, can they stay in office as long as they desire?

"No," you tell me, "the people choose the officers by their votes." Is that true of all the officers? What do you say? Has every one now holding office where you live been voted for in one way or another, do you think? "No, not quite all of them," you answer.

Then how did such men come into office? "Perhaps they were appointed," you reply. Appointed by whom? "Why," you add, "appointed by the other man or men who were chosen to become officers."

Yes, that is it. And so you see that either directly or indirectly, all the persons holding offices in this country are chosen by the people.

If then we do not have really good officers, who is to blame? "Those who choose them?" Yes, that is true. But who are the ones who choose them? "Why, the people," you continue. Then it is the people themselves who are to blame if they do not have good officers and a good government.

Note to the Teacher: If the members of the class continue interested in the subject, there might be some talk about what officers are elected, and what officers are appointed. More could be said about the police, why they wear uniforms, what power they have. Take care, however, not to let the discussion develop into a lesson on "Civics."

Can you think of one word more than any other, describing what it is by which our country is supposed to protect us in time of peace, or to keep peace between the citizens? What is it that does it? "The officers," you suggest.

No, I do not mean the officers; I said *what,* not *who.* What is it that the country establishes by means of its government? What is it that the legislature or congress may enact for us? Can you think of the one word?

You hesitate? Well, I will write it down for you, and ask you to remember it. It is the word "l-a-w-s," as you see. Our country should protect us by means of laws.

And what are the officers supposed to do when you say that they are the ones who try to keep the peace between the citizens? How are they to accomplish it? Can they use any method they please in order to do this? What determines how they are to act, or the methods they are to pursue? "The laws," you say.

You observe that the officers are not there to do as they please, not as our governors, but to *execute the laws,* or to see that the laws are obeyed. Will you put that point down very carefully?

What then is the great fact we have learned today in this lesson? What is it that our country does for us in time of peace? "Protects us from one another," you answer? Yes; although I do not like to think of it in just that way.

I wonder if you can suggest any other term for this. What is the word we use in contrast to the word war? We talk of the time of war, and on the other hand, we speak of a time of—what? "Peace."

Yes, peace is the opposite of war. You mean by it, do you, when there is no strife going on? But would there be any meaning in talking about "keepinng the peace" in times of peace? What do you say to this?

"Oh," you answer, "there may be peace on the outside so far as our relations with other countries are concerned, and yet strife among ourselves." What

then is it that the officers whom we choose to govern us,—what is it they are supposed to do? "Keep the peace?" Yes, that is exactly the point.

Do you think of anything else that officers of the government have to do besides keeping the peace, or protecting us in time of peace? "You do not know?" Wait until a future lesson and we shall see.

And yet there is one point of great importance we have not yet touched upon in this connection. We have distinguished between the laws and the officers, and between the officers and the state.

Suppose a man were to refuse to obey one of the officers who was discharging his duty. What might happen to him? "Why," you exclaim, "such a person would be severely punished."

What if, for instance, a policeman should undertake to arrest a citizen and the man should become angry and resist the officer, perhaps even striking him. Would it be any worse than if he were striking a private citizen? Would it be any greater breach of the peace? "No," you hesitate, "a blow is a blow; the man has no right to use violence, perhaps; but if he does so, why should it be worse whether he struck one man or another? In our country one citizen is as good as another."

Yes, but in that case, is he not doing something more than merely striking a fellow citizen? Does a policeman look just like other men and wear the same kind of clothes? "No," you admit, "he is in uniform."

And why is he in uniform? "Because he is an officer." Then in striking a policeman, the citizen is doing more than striking another fellow citizen, is he not?

What else is he attacking besides the man himself? "In a sense," you admit, "he is striking a blow at the state." And why? "Because the man in uniform is an officer of the state; he is the state's representative."

What if, on the other hand, a citizen were to meet a policeman, when the latter person would be off duty, as we say, not in his uniform, perhaps in his home, and there the two men should come to blows. Would the citizen be guilty of any greater offense than if he struck some other private citizen? "No," you assert.

And why not? I ask. The man is an officer of the state. "Not at that time; not when he is out of his

Yes, that is a very important distinction. It is a bad enough crime to strike a blow at any fellow citizen, but a double crime in striking or attacking an officer when in the discharge of his duty, because then one attacks the state at the same time.

In what way, then, should we speak of the state as a whole, in so far as it has control over its citizens? We have said that we are each and all subjects of the state. On the other hand, what is the state or the nation, over against the citizens? "The head authority?" you suggest.

Yes, but I am thinking of another term which has come down from past ages when there were monarchs and the people were ruled over by one man. What was that man called, do you know? "The Sovereign?"

Yes, that is it. What, then, for us would take the place of the personal monarch as the head authority over us all? "The Sovereign State," you answer. Precisely. As we now express it, the state as a whole possesses sovereignty over its people.

And what would happen if the state or the nation did not exercise this sovereignty? What if it did not make laws? What if it did not provide that the officers executed the laws? Could we blame the state? "Yes, in a sense," you insist.

And why so "Because it is the state's duty to exercise its sovereignty in protecting the citizens in their rights among thmselves, as well as from attacks on the part of other nations."

You imply, do you, that in a sense the state has its duties, as well as the citizen; that the state owes something to the citizen as well as the citizen to the state. "Oh, yes," you answer, "there is duty on both sides."

What, then, has been the second great fact we have brought out, as showing the service our country renders us, if it does its duty? "Why," you answer, "it protects us as citizens in our rights among ourselves through its officers, and by means of its laws."

Memory Gem.

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than those of war."—John Milton.

Points of the Lesson.

I. That a government or state is necessary in order to keep the peace between the people residing within the limits of the state.

II. That for this purpose we must have a police force, courts and juries, etc.

III. That we need a government in order to have laws which shall guide and control the officers of the state in their dealings with the people.

IV. That in attacking or resisting an officer, as, for example, a policeman in the discharge of his duty, we are committing a double crime in attacking not only the man himself, but the state or government he represents.

V. That officers are not free to do just as they please, but are limited in the methods they pursue in discharging their duty by the laws of the country.

VI. That our country guards us, most of all, by its laws.

The State's Duties.

I. It is the duty of the state to preserve the peace between its own citizens.

II. It is the duty of the state to protect a citizen in his rights over against a possible attack on the part of other citizens or other persons.

III. It is the state's duty to have laws for the regulation of the conduct of its citizens, and for the protection of each citizen in his rights.

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS TO THE TEACHER.—If desired, the teacher could explain more in detail what it means "to keep the peace." It is very important that the terms we use should not be too abstract. At the same time the pupils should be kept from feeling as if they understood these terms completely. A certain vagueness or largeness should be connected in their minds with regard to such words as *law* or *government*. On the other hand, a few of these great words should be fixed lastingly in the minds,—and as far as possible associated *with a sense of awe*. Note the sentence at the end of the lesson; talk it over a little with the members of the class, and have it committed to memory. Unfortunately at the present time in our own country, insofar as discussions concerning the police force are concerned, the teachers will inevitably be embarrassed, owing to the prevalent lack of respect for this body of men in most of the large cities. Young people often have the impression that it is something especially clever on their part in getting the better of a policeman. The impression is a most unfortunate one and should be broken up, if possible. There is reason to hope that before many years, all this will change for the better. For purposes of illustration, if possible, get some pictures of the court houses or palaces of justice in different parts of the world—for instance, Paris, London, Vienna, New York, Chicago, St. Louis. The Palace of Justice in Paris is very impressive. Be sure to show the pupils a picture of the court house of their respective locality. There is a striking picture of the Supreme Court of the United States in session, in "The Century Book for Young Americans."

Correspondence.

A Letter from Concord.

Fresh from Concord and the "Emerson Memorial School," my thoughts turn to UNITY; because it is under its wing that the spirit of such men as Emerson, Lincoln, Thoreau and other great sources of inspiration find abundant shelter and nurture.

As one sits under the roof where Emerson lectured a hundred times, and listens to the voices of his loving interpreters, surrounded by his friends and associates, one's soul is hushed in reverence; for, indeed, his spirit fills the room; and one sees his face and hears his voice as really as when he stood there in the flesh.

Our good friend and Emerson's, Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, who so charmed us all in Chicago, and whose hand-shake with the children and "Reminiscences of Emerson and His Friends," those children will never forget, presided at the meeting, and his bits of humor and happy stories brought us back to our senses at the close.

Mr. Joel Benton, at this particular meeting, entertained us for an hour with selections from Emerson's writings, showing how close Emerson lived to the heart of nature.

I have sometimes wondered how Emerson and Thoreau could think such tender and lofty thoughts and paint such delicate word pictures, and feel such deep reverence for the grandeur of nature; but when I walked about Concord under the shadow of the stately elms and the marvelous beauty at every turn, when I rode to the bridge under the great triumphal arch of trees, at the end of which even the bronze "minute man" stands in wonder and admiration, then I felt the spell that I think must have come over Emerson whenever he walked about. Here, indeed, he must have found "the Over-soul."

On Thursday afternoon, the 16th, Mr. Herbert W. Gleason gave us a rare treat with the aid of a lantern and slides. He threw upon the screen a series of "nature pictures," taken from the haunts of Emerson and Thoreau, in and about Concord. River and pond, hill and meadow, ledge and swamp, Monadnock and the bridge, succeeded one another with charming interpretations, mostly quotations from Emerson and Thoreau. He gave us views of the latter's daily journal of his visits to the woods and fields, on one page the sketch of the poke-berry branch, and finger marks made with the juice. Then again Mr. Gleason returned to the pictures of the woods and fields, winter scenes and summer views, crystal trees and giant statues in snow, pure and white, birds and nests, pond lilies, rhodoras, orchids, violets, the apple trees in full bloom, the willows draped in catkins, fern beds and honeysuckle and many other flowers and forms of nature. A group of views of Walden pond, succeeded one another in the most perfect way. Each couplet or poem given seemed to be an exact description of the picture before us. The speaker allowed Emerson and Thoreau to speak to us and we felt that we sat upon the mossy banks or walked among the scenes with them. Every student of Emerson or Thoreau or of nature ought to see these pictures. The entire entertainment is unique.

"These are choice days of the century," Mr. Charles Malloy said as he rose for the discussion of one of the papers. "I have waited fifty years, for this day, when Emerson would be thus recognized." And he went on to give his experience, which was most interesting as it showed the growth of this recognition through half a century.

These students and lovers of the lovers of nature, have a great duty and an important responsibility resting upon them. It is theirs to increase the number of students and enlarge the appreciation of such literature as that of Emerson and Thoreau.

Nature is but just beginning to be known and loved. That knowledge and love will bring peace and joy to the hearts of men in proportion as it deepens and broadens.

This kind of literature and culture is what All Souls Church, Lincoln Center and UNITY stand for, and in the years to come will more and more justify their right to being.

OLIVE E. WESTON.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons I am in receipt of a most delightful book entitled "Old Paths and Legends of New England." The study of towns is always exceedingly interesting, from any standpoint that you can take. The town is the Anglo-Saxon unit. I wish I had room to give you anything like a glimpse of the charming study of New England towns contained in this book. Illustrations, illuminations, quotations, text illustrations, headings and indexes, there is absolutely nothing to be asked for that is not here. I was not born in New England; but when reading this book I am quite sorry that I was not born in every town from Maine to Connecticut. The author, Katherine M. Abbott, says she has tried to bring together in small compass and somewhat consecutively, from widely scattered sources, legends and illuminating chronicles of authors and travelers, "things of which I myself have felt the want, believing that it may at least suggest a wider investigation of such a delightful and exhaustless subject as "Old New England." Well, all I have to say is, that Miss Abbott has shown remarkable literary taste, and unbounded common sense in the preparation of this volume.

From Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, I am delighted to get a new edition, complete in a single volume, of the best popular book on the birds of the Eastern States that was ever issued, "Nuttall's Birds," revised and edited by Montague Chamberlain. This book has heretofore been in two volumes, and the cost has been $7.50 net. This new edition, in a single volume, costs but $3.00. The drawing of the birds is good; the coloring is not so remarkably perfect. The book is an exceedingly good handbook for popular use.

I have from Paul Carus a delightful edition of Delitzsch's "Babel and Bible," translated from the German by McCormack and Carruth, and admirably illustrated. This is a living book, and almost an epoch-making book. It brings facts and truths known only to scholars into a form that can be seized upon by the untrained mind and without any damage to honest faith and religious life. E. P. POWELL.

The Degeneration of the "Hero."

The term "hero," writes Mr. G. K. Chesterton, is one of those words which "remain in current use like fossils of some primeval epoch embedded in a later deposit." "The modern novelist," he goes on to say, "steering a nondescript young man through trivial temptations and dreary embarrassments, still insists on calling him the hero, the name which rings with the sound of the harp and sword." The old heroic literatures, he reminds us, spoke sublimely of the victories of the body, and of the manner in which man by faith and courage can beat down circumstance. But "of the similar victories of the soul, modern literature scarcely dares to speak at all." The typical "hero" of modern fiction Mr. Chesterton characterizes as "a young man who can not decide which of three ladies he is in love with or which of

six friends has really been his moral ruin, who covers trifling sins with transparent lies and a coarse vanity with a crude philosophy, who loses his faith in God when he reads half a page of German and loses his faith in his wife when he hears half a sentence in a club." The writer proceeds roughly to trace the degradation of this word. We read (in *The Critic* for August) as follows:

"Primarily, of course, in the great early epics, a hero means a hero, a being human indeed, but of so vast and towering a humanity that he is stronger than the circumstances which debase or limit human life. The victory of the divine part of man (for the hero was commonly partly of the blood of the gods) over the merely brutal part of the Cosmos is, of course, the central conception of all the fairy tales. In them, it is true, the victory is over dragons or ogres, but about the philosophical moral there can be no question; and the great gap in modern literature, a gap as wide as a howling desert, is the almost total absence of what may be called a story of heroic psychology. . . . To this primeval hero youth was naturally attributed, and from the epics downward we see its gradual transition from the hero to the young man who is still called by this title. But it is only very recently indeed that he has lost the last gleam from the sunset of the heroes. It might not strike the intellect at first that there was much resemblance between Hector and Nicholas Nickleby, or between Roland at Roncesvalles and Frank Fairleigh. But so it is when we consider the matter with a greater delicacy. Nicholas Nickleby, fallen and diminished, is still the hero, the Squeers slayer, and wears silver armor under his curious tight clothes; Frank Fairleigh, respectable as he appears, is undoubtedly the son of Jupiter. For these young men of early Victorian fiction move with a light step, the light step of the destined conqueror; they have a star of good luck above them and are marked by a kind of merry fatalism. Their ups and downs are indeed desolating; they are bandied about, as it were, from father to father; they think sometimes that they are orphans, sometimes that they are dukes, sometimes that they are hereditary criminals; they doubt their friends and their title-deeds, and almost their own faces in the glass. But one thing they never doubt—not one of them ever doubts that he is the third brother in the fairy tale.

"Thus down to the time of Dickens we have the first walking gentleman, the young man, carrying with him a certain ancestral light and atmosphere of legend. And about the time of Dickens's later work that light fades into the light of common day. The first great creation in the new manner in England is the character of Arthur Pendennis. This is the young man lit from head to foot suddenly with the white light of realism, all the red lamps of legend being extinguished around him. . . .

"But more time has elapsed, and again a more curious thing has come about. We have traveled yet another stage along the downward track from the mountain of the heroes. Thackeray did not write of youth in the manner of Dickens or Dumas, who admired their heroes; far less did he write of it in the style of the great primitive poets who may be said to have feared their heroes. But at least he sympathized with his hero. If he did not conceive him as the child of the gods, he realized to the full the pathos and the gallantry involved in the children of men; if he did not salute the hero's victory as the poets did, he saluted his sublime defeat. But since Thackeray, there has come into fashion a fiction, of which some of the French and Russian novelists are able exemplars, of which Mr. George Gissing is not innocent, a school which appears positively to despise the young man whom it calls hero. It has not for him even that dark and stormy kindliness which one sinner may have for another. At every point the hero is sacrificed to the author, as much as a dog to a vivisectionist; he goes through the ugliest antics of humiliation and meanness, that the author may parade his precious insight and candor; the one must be a cad that the other may be a prig. The story of a young man in fiction has traveled all this strange distance. It begins with the primitive bard, straining his voice and almost breaking his lyre in order to utter the greatness of youth and the greatness of masculinity; it ends with the novelist looking at both of them with a magnifying-glass; it begins with a delight in things above, and ends with a delight in things below us. I for one have little doubt about their relative value. For if a man can say, 'I like to find something greater than myself,' he may be a fool or a madman, but he has the essential. But if a man says, 'I like to find something smaller than myself,' there is only one adequate answer,—'You couldn't.'"

After emphasizing the incongruity of applying the term hero, "the most tremendous title of Sigurd or Achilles," to "this watery Reuben of modernity" who plays the leading part in modern fiction, Mr. Chesterton urges the need of a literature which shall portray heroism in the realm of psychology. The typical intellectual romance of our day, he tells us, is always concerned with the "frustration or defeat of a human spirit by the savage irony of facts." But he looks forward to the work of genius which shall give us "a psychological Hercules," and shall "show that there is potentially a rejection for every temptation; a mastery for every mischance, much as there is a parry for every stroke of the sword." This event, he predicts, "will inaugurate a new literature and very possibly found a new religion."
—From the *Literary Digest.*

How George Ade Came to Write Fables.

George Ade's own account of how he came to write the fables that have made him famous, of which the latest are included in his *People You Know* (Harpers), is given as follows in the Boston *Literary World*: "In 1890," writes Mr. Ade, "having risen to a weekly income of fifteen dollars, I lit out for Chicago, where I got a job on the *Morning News,* later the *Record,* as a reporter. The following year I had pretty good assignments, and in 1893 I did special World's Fair stories. When the fair closed up I became the father of a department in the paper called 'Stories of the Street.' I had to fill two columns every day, which, with a cut or two, meant from twelve hundred to two thousand words. My stuff was next to Eugene Field's 'Sharps and Flats.' When Field died I got his desk. I used to get desperate for ideas sometimes. One lucky day I wrote a story on a church entertainment, in which Artie was the spokesman. That was in 1895. I heard from that story so much that Artie was given a show once a week. In 1898 I ran up against the fable of the old serio-comic form. I had learned from writing my department that all people, especially women, are more or less fond of parlor slang. In cold blood I began writing the fables to make my department go, but I had no idea that those fantastic things would catch on as they have. My first one was entitled 'The Blonde Girl Who Married a Bucket-Shop Man.' Soon other papers asked permission to copy the fables, and then to share them with the *Record,* and by-and-by a publisher collected them and made up a copyrighted book. There you have the whole thing in a nutshell."

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Our Tower Hill Letter.

Tower Hill in its glory in the middle of August! Even the belated arrival, who has been chafing against the duties which held him (or more probably her) in the smoky streets of the city while the beauties of June and July were unfolding on the beloved Hill two hundred miles away, can this year revel in the freshness of spring though the frost may be just at hand.

When one wakes in the early morning and, instead of the usual street or alley noises, listens to the familiar scamper of the squirrels over the roof, or the shower of acorns from the overhanging oak, or the rat-a-tat of the woodpecker as he investigates the particular shingle that treacherously refused to shelter one from the shower last night, it is hard to feel that there is anything of past possible joy to regret. And yet the five weeks' summer school is just closing, the dozen or more lectures have all been given; the earnest little class with its more earnest conductor, have hewed to the line in working a program of studies almost limitless in its scope.

But, bless you, that is not the end of it all. Ruskin and Browning, Lubbock and Thoreau are here to stay until Tower Hill—just as it begins to take on its autumn beauty—is reluctantly deserted. And as for Emerson—why, this is Emerson's year, you know. He sits at every table in the vine-draped dining hall, he is perfectly at home in every cottage, and you are liable to receive the benediction of his smile and word down by the cave or on the top of "Sugar Loaf." He fits into corn roasts and moonlight drives, he goes with us on our long tramps and puts strength and nerve into hearts that seek poise and renewal for another year's work.

The members of this year's class have evidently done their work, though so comprehensive, in a leisurely, quiet way, which leaves them fresh, eager for more and full of plans for next year.

These plans were fully discussed at the annual meeting last Friday and will be shortly brought into workable shape and submitted to those interested. The old officers were re-elected, being: Conductor, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chicago; President, Thomas R. Lloyd Jones, Menominee; First Vice-President, Rev. Rett Olmsted, Decorah, Iowa; Second Vice-President, R. H. Denniston, Madison, Wis.; Secretary, Mrs. A. L. Kelly, Chicago; Treasurer, Miss Mary Lackersteen, Chicago; together with additional directors located at Madison, Hillside, Platteville, Lone Rock, Milwaukee, Janesville, Appleton and West Superior, Wis.; Humboldt, Iowa; Grand Forks, N. D., and Kansas City, Mo.

Sunday, August 23, was Tower Hill "Grove Meeting day." This annually recurring occasion, which twenty-five years ago had its inception as a tender family memorial gathering, has grown to be a festival of love and fellowship, a reaching out over the lines of creed and form, a hearty handgrasp, a common expression of a common desire to help things along toward the "crowning day" that is "coming bye and bye."

Probably two hundred teams of horses brought large and happy loads of farmer-folk and townsfolk, from many miles distant, who carried their well-filled baskets, visited between services and listened with untiring attention to four sermons, preached by representatives of as many different, and—supposedly—opposed creeds. The Rev. E. G. Updyke, pastor of the Congregational Church, of Madison; Rev. Granville R. Pike, of the Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church, Chicago; Rev. H. M. Simmons, representing the Unitarian interests of Minneapolis, Minn., and Rev. John Hardcastle, Primitive Methodist, of Mineral Point, Wis., each in his own way touched upon the vital things of life and immortality, and lo! however differently he reached his point, by whatever method he sought to impress his hearers, it all came to the same thing,—love was the burden of his song, such mutual love as befits the children of one loving father.

Mr. Simmons is an old and dear friend of all good Tower Hillians. Our Grove meeting would not be complete without his gentle presence, his exquisite word pictures and his earnest and absolutely confiding way of "taking God at his word." He shames our paltry conceits, he shows how in the material life the forces of nature, her winds, her waters and her fires, are all waiting for the uses of man; how, in the moral life as a man allies himself with truth, he gains divine power; for nature says to him "Your opportunities are infinite. Hitch your wagon to a star and be sure you will have on your side time and eternity, the universe and God."

In closing the meeting Mr. Jones spoke with a tenderness which found an echo in many hearts, of three who have within the past year brought us into more home-like relation with "the vast unknown,"—Sidney Morse, the sculptor and singer of tender aspirations; Mrs. Ellen T. Leonard, who loved Tower Hill and worked for the things it stands for as long as she lived; and dear Aunt Mary Philip, of the kindly face, the hopeful heart and the ready hand. Then, as a message from these three permanent citizens in the fellowship of Tower Hill who evermore are to abide with us, we sang Mrs. Leonard's hymn:

"Love for every unloved creature,
Lonely, poor or small;
Christ was born to show how truly
Love makes life for all."

The whole day was good, wholesomely, normally good for all who took part in it, but the best thing in that good day was the quiet gathering of the Hill home-folks just after sunset to listen to Mr. Jones' reading of "Saul." Then the cheery "Good-night," the flicker of the lanterns as they scatter over the Hill, the last look at the river from the porch, and Tower Hill rests under the eyes of the steadfast stars.

ANNIE LAURIE KELLY.

"Maxwelton," August 24, 1903.

A Crowned Poet.

In thy coach of state
Pass, O King, along:
He no envy feels
To whom God giveth song.

Starving, still I smile,
Laugh at want and wrong:
He is fed and crowned
To whom God giveth song.

Better than all pomps
That to rank belong,—
One such dream as his
To whom God giveth song.

Let us greet, O King,
As we pass along:
He, too, is a king
To whom God giveth song.

—Anne Keene Aldrich.

From the Tower Hill School.

Reprinted from *The Christian Register*.

Literally, though in no other sense, in the woods! The picturesque landscape of Wisconsin is dotted all over with summer encampments, among which Tower Hill is well known to *Register* readers. The undiscerning and very literal, on the lookout for "plain facts," might pronounce it nothing but a sand-hill; but, when our instructor in geology showed us in a blackboard drawing how this same sand-hill dated back to the "Huronian" deposit, we conceived a very wholesome respect for it, and felt all the pride of antiquity, of ancient name and lineage. And when our botany teacher took us for a "field lesson," in a walk over the hill, in search of the thirteen or fourteen varieties of fern that grow there, the numerous and varied progeny of the sunflower and golden-rod, and all the other wild growths which we stigmatize so readily as weeds, we learned something of the productivity of our sand-hill, also that a weed

"Is no more than a flower in disguise,
Which is seen through at once if love give a man eyes."

Those versed in bird-lore reported some new find each day, until the list ran up beyond the fifties. We sent the children to bed by the whip-poor-will's note, which sounds promptly at eight in the evening, and were aroused from our slumbers every morning at early dawn by the mourning dove's plaintive cry. Does any one know what is really the matter with the mourning dove? A part of our amateur wood-craft was to listen for the two metallic clicks which precede the whip-poor-will's call. It is pure accident when you hear them, but you have none the less a discoverer's pride and sense of conquest when it happens.

The holdings of the first residents of the hill, the birds and squirrels, Black-eyed Susans and Bouncing Bets, are nowise threatened or disturbed by the new-comers. Here is a place where we learn to know and name the birds "without a gun," to smell the wild rose on the stalk and leave it there.

Mr. Jones, the conductor of the Tower Hill Summer School, as is well known, is a worker whose task is never ended, one of which he never tires. The rest period of the year is utilized to the same general ends as the working period. Thus it happens that Tower Hill encampment has taken on more and more the aspect and nature of a summer school, the subjects pursued being for the most part those followed in the minister's study and classroom, and the teachers' meetings, with such nature study as can be provided for. At the end of fourteen years the founder of this enterprise is able to look back upon it and candidly estimate its results. The Hill itself has greatly grown in natural beauty, assisted, a very little, by an art and knowledge not her own. A grassy slope on the lower edge of the Hill replaces the thistle waste of a few years ago. A dozen cottages give a pleasant human touch to the native wildness. The natural features are not remarkable, but sufficient for the mind's enjoyment and relief from the artificial surroundings of city and town. The river and neighboring bluffs present a varied landscape, and afford many beautiful vistas and drives. The sunsets are the feature of chief interest and beauty, and the sunset hour is one of natural and spontaneous worship, more religious perhaps than if it were so named. The living is purposely simple and plain, but the body's needs are sufficiently supplied.

Tower Hill offers no inducements to those seeking mere physical repose or new ways to kill and dissipate human energies. It is not a resort, but a little community of like-minded people who wish to live in first-hand relations with nature, to rest, but not lounge, to recuperate both body and mind rather through new forms of exercise than complete inactivity.

The classes in literature are most popular, and are led by Mr. Jones, whose dependence upon the masters of the best modern literature as an aid to the solution of the problems of faith and duty is well known by all who are familiar with his church work. This summer the writers are Ruskin, Browning, and Emerson, the study of the latter being confined to the poems. The leader's methods on this line are distinctly those of the interpreter, not the critic. Questions of method and form are passed by in a keen, persistent search for the ethical content. The work is essentially of a kind to appeal to preachers and teachers, and the company at Tower Hill is mainly recruited from these two professions.

Two miles from the Hill is "Peaceful Valley," as some of its friends have well named it. Here are picturesquely grouped a half-dozen pleasant farm-houses, the houses of seven brothers and sisters, descendants of the Welsh pioneer who settled in that region over fifty years ago. He brought to the new home all the traditions of religious freedom, the moral faith and courage that had sustained him in years of theological conflict at home. Low down in the valley stands the little church, Unity Chapel, as pretty and fitting a piece of rural church architecture as I have ever seen, designed by an artist-architect. On a slight elevation in the centre stands the Hillside Home School, conducted by the Lloyd-Jones sisters, as well known in New England as nearer home. The two maiden sisters began their work years ago in simple fasion, with the simplest purpose, to teach their nephews and nieces, and have given high and faithful service to the school. No more ideal place could be found for a school, both in outward surroundings and the spirit of inward control and arrangement. The boys and girls who pass their formative years amid such scenes and influences are, indeed, fortunate. The school holds honorable affiliation with leading universities and colleges East and West. It has grown steadily in numbers and the hearty faith of its patrons. A handsome new building will soon be finished, and add its additional equipment of recitation-rooms, a library, science and art rooms, a gymnasium and workshop. It is constructed from native sources, of massive stone and oak quarried and cut in the valley, of an architectural pattern to memorialize its Welsh inheritance. Thoroughly up to date in the necessary appliances, these are of secondary importance compared to the atmosphere of the place, the governing spirit, supplied in the presence and personality of the two principals. Text-book drill and instruction are supplemented with those numerous lessons unconsciously learned through mere daily contact with a just and kindly spirit. It is the education that results in moral enlightenment that is here sought. The disposition is sweetened and schooled as the mind is trained, mutual helpfulness is engendered, and a spirit of broad sympathy governs the whole.

A month's sojourn in valley and hill rather unfits one for a return to the city's noise and confusion. I had not heard the sound of a lawn-mower for weeks, nor the heavy rumble of an ice-wagon. I had forgotten there were such things as automobiles and cable cars, newsboys, and hurdy-gurdies. I would rather be wakened in the morning by the mourning dove, despite her weary plaint, than by the rattle of the milkman's wagon. There are mosquitoes on the boulevard as well as on the banks of the Wisconsin, with no sunsets to compensate. The cannas and geraniums are in full bloom, but I left the blue harebells and trailing juniper behind me. I was just getting acquainted with the bergamot and evening primroses, and I can barely remember the difference between liverwort and moss. I should like to be caught in another thunder storm on the long bridge, and see the lightning and its red streak to the paling sunset. I should like to spend another still, sunless day, after the storm, in lazy, acquiescent mood in the hammock on the porch, letting that mantle of thick gray mist cover the world and me, shutting out too obtruding thoughts and sights, the fierce sun ray, the too happy blue of the sky. Such a day has the quieting effect of the hand of a wise, kind, elderly friend laid in a moment's healing on our brow, as she bids us stop thinking for a while and be at peace. I am afraid I came away too soon.

—*C. P. W., in the Christian Register.*

The new number (VIII) of the Annual of the British School at Athens will be published by the Macmillan Company next week. It is larger and much more fully illustrated than former issues, and it contains, among several important articles, Mr. Evans' account of his excavations at Kronos and several other articles of special interest to archæologists and students of ancient history and life.

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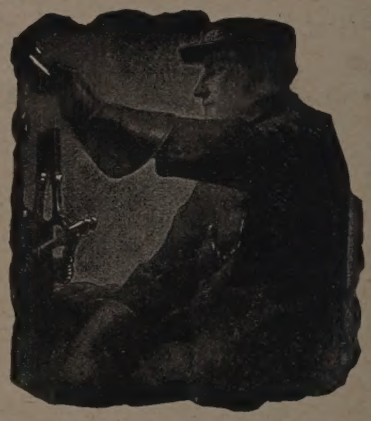

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